With reuerend fathers and well learned Biſheps.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and ſo my Lord farewell.
Glo. Now will I in to take ſome priuie order (*Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brates of *Clarence*, out of ſight,
And to giue notice that no manner of perſon
At any time haue recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet hand fairely is ingroſſ'd,
That it may be this day red ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the ſequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I ſpent to writ it ouer,
For yeſternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,
The preſident was full as long a doeing,
And yet within theſe fiue houres liu'd Lord *Haſtings*
Vntainted, vnexamined: free at liberty:
Here's a good world the while, Why who's ſo groſſe
That ſees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who ſo blind but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the world and all will come to nought,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſeene in thought: *Exit.*

Enter Gloeeſter at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what ſayes the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme and ſpeake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the baſtardy of *Edwards* Children?
Buc. I did: with the inſatiate greedineſſe of his deſires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne baſtardy,
As being got your father then in *France*:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your father:
Both in forme and nobleneſſe of minde:
Layd vpon all your victories in *Scotland*:
Your Diſcipline in warre, wiſedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeede left, nothing fitting for the purpoſe
Vntouch't or ſleightly handled in diſcourſe:
And when my oratory grew to end,

I bad

I bad them that loues their Countries good,
Cry God ſaue *Richard* Englands royall King.
Glo. A, and did they ſo?
Buc. No ſo God helpe me,
But like dumbe ſtatues or breathleſſe ſtones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them:
And aſkt the Maior what meanes this wilful ſilence?
His anſwere was the people were not wont
To be ſpooke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inſer[illegible]:
But nothing ſpake in warrant from himſelfe:
When he had done, ſome followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And ſome ten voyces cryed, God ſaue King *Richard*
Thankes noble Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applauſe and louing ſhoute,
Argues your wiſedome and your loue to *Richard*:
And ſo brake off and came away.
Glo. what tongueleſſe blockes were they, would they not ſpeake?
Buc. No by my troth my Lord,
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?
Buc. The Mayer is heere: and intend ſome feare,
Be not ſpoken withall, but with mighty ſute:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And ſtand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy deſcant:
Be not eaſie wonne to our requeſt:
Play the maydes part, ſay no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canſt pleade as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happy iſſue.
Buc. you ſhall ſee what I can do, get you vp to the leads, *Ex*
Now my Lord Maior, you dance attendance heere,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoken withall. *Enter Catesby*
Here comes his ſeruant: how now *Catesby*, what ſayes hee?
Cat. My Lord he doth intreat your grace
To viſit him to morrow, or next day:

He